MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 14.

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LONDON OFFICE-32 COCREPUS ST., TRAFALGAE

A Talagalana

FREE MESSENGER SERVICE.

EVERY OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT WANTS " FOR THE WORLD.

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HUMAN LIFE VERSUS GAIN.

Half of the electric light wires are imper fectly insulated and hence unsafe. This has been shown by a simple examination of the wires in the face of the protestations of interested companies that the wires were harmless. Yet when the authorities, through interest in the lives of citizens, wished to remove these deadly wires, the interested companies rushed for the help of the law and procured an injunction to stay this attempt to protect

It is a question of money-of larger dividends-with the companies. The death of linemen doesn't hurt their puckets, while removing the wires would put them to ex-

Somebody is guilty of these deaths, and whoever it is should be held to strict account.

ELCQUENT IN DEED.

Dr. Talmage is an earnest worker, eloquent an deeds as in words. Yes'erday, when he saw his beloved church, the Brooklyn Tabernacle, blazing before his even for the second time within the past seventeen years, he simply got to work to remedy matters at once. He arranged to have his work go on without the Tabernacle, Sunday-school exercises were had in the afternoon, and next Sunday the congregation will have their usual service and their paster on hand, though the church

Dr. TALMAGE also sent out an appeal for assistance in reluilding the Tabernacle better than ever. This is the kind of pastor should not care to live there. that people like, and there cannot be too many of them for the good of religion.

GENTLY, THERE !

The Stars and Stripes were roundly hissed at the Socialists' meeting in Ch cago. The Red Flag was tumultuously cheered. The Stars and Stripes is the American flag, and Americans respect it. The Red Flog is the symbol of overthrow and destruction. In America the people want to build up and preserve the Government that they have also the holder of the 100 yards amateur record. He made. If they keep it sound they know is an Englishman. there is nothing better. When America adopts refugees she expects them to be Americans.

HURRY UP.

Hurry up with the World's Fair. If it is to be in New York the rich men must put their purses together as well as their heads. Money talks in this matter louder than in any other. Don't wait for one man to shoulder the whole thing. One man isn't to get the whole benefit. Chicago knows the worth of money as well as New York, but seems to know, too, that if something is to be bought the Twenty-third Ward. it has got to be paid for. Hurry up.

A policeman in court yesterday said a barkeeper had not sold him any liquor, though the state: called on, admitted that he had sold the po-liceman a whiskey cocktail. This was a refreshing contrast. The man who sold liquor and had the honesty to cenfess it was a good this siste, it is said, may give place to another, set-off to the officer of the law who got the drink and tried to "fix" the thing up by denying it. And yet the policeman was allowed to go out unpunished.

The eye of the average Brooklyn mind rests anxiously to-day on that small inclosed bit Commodere Joseph B. Rull, of Philadelphia, and of the town of Columbus, State of Forance Commodore Berry Brace, of Soniary, each of whom and others, where the possibly deciding battle of the American Association campaign is Grooms such a gloom will settle over the Lisstep elastic. Oity of Churches that the Long Island end of the big bridge will be lost in its denseness.

CARMEANDER, Crar of all the Russias, and WILLIAM, Emperor of Germany, fell upon sive as complete and permanent control of our nerves."

By regulating the digestion it also overcomes drapopete and disagreeable feelings in the atomach, curse headscheard day. There was no harm in that if emjoyed it. But did it all mean as sh as a good American hand-shake?

SPOTLETS.

It won't be bigamy for Brooklyn Bridegrooms to wed Miss Victory.

According to the decision of impartial Justice Taintor, of Morrisania Court, it's a matter of \$5 either way for small boys to steal apples, or for the owner's head man to pepper the thieves with bird-

William Ebbe t, a Maryland wife-beater, had to jump into a creek to escape the lashes administered by a party whom he had gathered to help him kid-nap his abused bride from her father's house.

John Roach, a British pensioner, forgetting that his campaigning days were over, drank a quart of whiskey at Tonawands and fell dead.

The man you've is irned to know too well would have less cause to grieve If he knew it was no good to tell. The things you don't believe. —Judge.

Chicago people are regretting the waste of eight bullets which Barney and Lizzie Bryant, man and wife, fired at each other yesterday without doing

To-morrow is the day set by Mr. Boenig, of Detroit. to rope in the Duluth Cana!, the bottom of which be claims is made up of lots belonging to him. He says Duluth can save its harbor for \$100,000.

Chinook Indians have just slain their medicine man because his putients insisted on dying. Is it consible that there are occasional advantages in non-

Addison Hayner and wife, of Buskirks, tip the scales, together, at 725 pounds. They are of the town's most substantial people. Citizens of Charlotte, N. C., are vigorously dis-

cuseing the subject of haneby n convection with twelve house-breakers arrested here in a bunch. A University of Wisconsin Freshman first emptied a shotgun at his would-be hazers, and then went into hysterics when they caught him and cut his hair off. He has reloaded his gun and says there'll be no more

Minks-Were you away last Summer? Winks-Yes, off about a month at a Summer re-

hysterics or hazing.

forests in a whole year.

rt.
"How did you stend the time h"
"Waiting for it to stop raining."
- New Fork Weekly. The Pan-American Congress was at Albany yesterday. If the Legislature was in resiston those South American delegates would have seen more "monkey business" than they could witness in their tropical

A pension swindler in Mississippi promised a pension to every negro who paid him \$5. They didn't get 'em. The only trouble probably was that the office changed hands.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

Some clever Briton has written a manual for the nefit of fashionable lady smokers. Among many rules the fumenses are cautioned against smokins out of doors or in any public place even when at-tended by their husbands. The votary of the ween should never light a cigarette after 5 o'clock, even in the company of intimate friends; the best time to smoke is after meals and the test place in the bou-doir. The tissue-wrapped tobacco must be carried to the lips gracefully, held in the centre and never at the side of the mouth, and the fumeuse is directed to smoke with great deliberation, and blow gentle wreaths of etherealized essence around her.

Many of the theatre hats have long follow-me-love

Keep your tongue in your mouth if you don't wan It is said that lemon juice will make the hands soft

There is no better hair dressing than brandy. Tw applications a week followed by a thorough brushing will cleanse the scalp and burnish the hair.

Embroideries are not used on the choicest under wear. Lace trimmed goods are first choice. For the bridal hed fashion has designed square piliows covered with blue or old rose colored silk, over which cases of Medicis lace are drawn.

Ice-cream made with chestnut meal is the beaviest but the most fashion this variety.

OFF THE STAGE.

Miss Kate Claxton has a charming home in Larch ont and is there as often as she possibly can be. 'I like to be able to get up in the morning and your out the coffee for my children at the breakfast table. s what she always rays.

Miss Aunte Alliston is a plump, gental English coman who has, however, become thoroughly Amerleanized. She takes a trip over to London occasionally to see her people, but always declares that she

Tom" Whifen is a good-humored gentleman, with great conversational powers. He is not a bit theatrical, and rarely alludes to the stare unless re-Charles Dickens's novels. His wife is a member of

the Lyceum Theatre company. Thomas Q. Seabrooke, who made his first success as Descon Tidd in "A Midnight Bell," is only thirty years of age. He is the husband of Elvia Crot, who ts now in the same company as he is.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

E. H. Pelling, who recently ran 200 yards in

Capt. Cumnock, of the Harvard football team has the faculty of inspiring g cat confidence in his men. He is a very aggressive player. He was ruled out of the Harvard-Vale game in 1887 for rough play "Benny" Williams, who was lately elected Vice-President of the N. C. C. A., went in en his popularity and won easily. But he is a good men for the position, too. He is not a snail, either, at the cross

" Sam " King, the well-known athlete, has done the 100 yards in 10 1-5s., and thirsts for more glory. He is ambitious to get into the 1-s. class. ----

PCLITICAL ECHOES.

August Meebus is the n ost prominently mentioned for the Tanguany Hall nomination for Alderman of

Nicholas T. Brown will be the Tammany nomine for Alderman in the Second Assembly District. Mr. Brown is a dealer in shoes at No. 2 Cortlandt street. Here is a Tammany slate for the County ticket, which is to be nominated to-morrow, and it may be the slate: For Register, James J. Pholan, of the his bar was open. The backseper, when Mineteenth District, for Judge of the Court of John H. V. Arnold; for President of the Board of Aldermen, James M. Fitzsimons. The last name on

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Harrison has now in the White House several quaint and senuine places of antique furniture which she plaked up during her Summer's visit to Nan-

to be fought. If that tatile te lost to the than he was last Winter. His eyes were bright and

Nervous People

Who take Hood's Serssparilla sarnestly declars: "It Bood's harvaparilia is sold by all druggists. \$1: six for \$55. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO. Lowell Mass.

VERY FEW DITTIES HEARD NOW THAT WERE POPULAR THEN.

'My Maryland" Was the Most Inspiriting of All Southern Airs, and It Is Still Popular All Through the South-It Was Writ-ten by a Georgia Editor Under Somewhat Homorous Circumstances.

I was in a music store on Wabash avenue says the Chicago Tribune reporter, and the head man handed me a volume entitled " War Songs, North and South."

'Strange," he said. "how seldom on hears a Southern war song now. It is so rare that one is called for that the mere call always makes an impression on me. I suppose that of all the Fouthern war songs that were written only 'Dixie' and 'My Mary. land' survive, especially in the North. Indeed, I found that to be true when I was South a year ago. I do not know why it is, and I do not know that it is, but it seems so, that a sort of Leatheau wave has swept ever nearly everything that was idoized or made of in the South. I was thinking about it the other day.

"I have been a music publisher ever since I was nineteen years old, and of course it has been my business to keep rack of all popular

been my business to keep track of all popular songs. In rummaging my recollections I fell to twinking of some old Son hern songs which used to be on everybody's tips.

"I remember a very popular Southern war song, the title of which was. 'Pm a Go d Old Rebel.' Ever hear that? It was written by the literary editor of a l'altimore paper after the war. His name was not printed on the mush, and I do not now recall it. The Bonnie Blue Flag' has been forled and laid away in the dust of years. It was one of his prettiest of Southern airs.

"Then there was a popular piece of music in Virginia and the far Southern's tates which I never heard out West. It was called 'Stone-

in Virginia and the far Southern States which I never heard out West. It was called 'Stonewall Jackson's Way.'
"It you were ever in a Southern parlor and asked the young lady to play, you know as well as I that she opened with 'The Mother's Prayer.' It was written by a St. Louis getl. I can't think of her name, but I remember that she was a captivating secash ciri. I that she was a captivating secosh giri. I never heard it in the North.

never heard it in the North.

"When I was in New Orienns a year ago I saked a Southern lady if she knew it. She said she do dn't, and then I remembered that she had grown up since the soing was written.

"Did you ever hear how 'My Maryland' came to be written? I don't know that I am telling you saything new. I heard it was written by James Handall, who is, if I am information." informed correctly, editing a paper in Georgia. He was in camp one night and couldn't sleep or account of numerons at tacks of parasites. And he tossed to and fro the lines

'The despot's heel is on thy shore' Marriand, my Marriand. His touch is at thy temple's door, Maryland, my Maryland.' "It was an inspiration, and very soon it was being sung all around the camp. The music is that of the old German volkson be-

ginning "O. Tannenbaum! O. Tannenbaum! which is, I believe, in English,

"O. Pine Tree. O. Pine Tree.
How green are the leaves!"
"'My Maryland' is still topular in the
South, and was the most inspiriting of all
Southern airs."

AN OLD SCHOOL SOUTHERN HOST.

Gen. Peter Tracy, of Memphis, Noted for His Hospitality.

Gen. Peter Tracy, of Memphis, is noted for his true Southern bospitality. There are very few prominent Northern men who have gone through his bailiwick whom he has not taken pleasure in cutertaining, says the Philadelphia Press.

They include all notables from ex-President Cleveland and wife to John L. Sullivan. When Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland went on their trip South he extended his hospitality to them and afterwards received a letter of thanks from them.

thanks from them.

Among his distinguished guests have been Duke Alexis, Horace Greeley, Rev. Dr. Talmage, Henry Ward Be cher, Olive Logan, Paul Boyton, John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain. Gen. Tracy is noted for his wit and his keen powers of repartee. He prides timself on the relica and me-mentoes of distinguished people. One of his

most highly prized treasures is a medai pre-sented by the State of Louisiana o Gen. Zochary Taylor. The emblem is made of Mexican gold, weighs nearly a half pound

with great conversational powers. He is not a bit theatrical, and rarely alludes to the stage unless requested to do so. Mr. Whiften is a great admirer of Charles Dickens's novels. His wife is a member of the Lyceum Theatre company.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke, who made his first success as Descon Tidd in "A Midnight Bell," is only thirty the lead, he pawned the medal for a sum of more.

The subsequent career of Gen. Taylor The subsequent career of Gen. Invior through the hearts of his countrymen, led to the White Houser This only served to add to the value of the medal. It had been treasured by Capt. Devol, who had been offered as much as \$1,500 for it. A short time ago, however, he presented it to W. T. Ross, of Memphis, who gave it to Gen. Tracy.

(From Muncey's Washin.)

"Are you still in the mititia?" "No, but I match about forty miles every night-little infantry of my own no home."

STOLEN RHYMES

'Tis tietting Cold. Tis now the dude who through the Summer days
Did love old hanker a daughters and escort 'en
'M' at everywhere, doth wonder at their ways.
Yor eke the girls don't know him, now 'tis Autumn. He sake himself. "Fred' have I then changed? Am I less worthy of them new than then? Am I, when they have driven most duranced, Bocome less lovely than these city men?

Or is it that when dressed in Autumn duds. Deprived of tennis made and claser bright, in less attractive to those lovely buds. No more to them a sweet and welcome eight? Or do they think, because I squandered such Great quantities of gold and sliver dross,

Great quantities of gold and tilvee dross, hat now 'tis Fatt I can't indules in much Marrons glaces, milk shakes, and Iceland moss!" To which no snawer comes but that "at last Jack Frost is lere in richest, fullest feather; That now "its cold, and coder growing last. We're having what is known as 'cutting weather.' —Jo-a Kendrick Bange in Exchange.

> Evening Belts. Sinks the sun beneath the sky, too he its eyes in all inher deep; Evening bells now toll again the more day of earth to sleep. List their deer-tened knells and loud, All unite in harmony. On the creat of evening breeze Comes the ringing minercisy.

Soon, alsa' their tenss grow dumb, Seeking slumbers like the day; Only echoes of the bells Linger are they die away. Listening, 7 pause awhile, dud my soul the echo greets, Yeels like possing, too away. As the last low sound release. W. D. F.

Jay Gould seemed to the Kansus City reporters, who \$50 GOLD WATCH \$50 FOR \$38. One Dollar Weekly.

OLD SOUTHERN WAR SONGS. FIRST SHOT first one. He did not show up and I sent the dog in to restrieve and found both dead not over a foot apart. Wasney Lowe. L. East Sixty-seventh street.

"The Evening World's" Priza **Hunting Story Contest Begun**

To-Day.

Some Interesting Incidents with Gun and Dog.

Thrilling Encounter with a Tiger in an Indian Jungle.

An Irate Father Pacified and His Daughter Won by a Turkey Hunt.

Conditions. THE EVERING WORLD hereby opens a hunting contest as a timele and interesting reature. The fish story control erected a great deal of interest, and tales of adventure with dog and gun will prove no less entertainting. The prize-a double gold ragle-raft be given for the best funting

story submitted. Judge Henry A. Gildersleree, who is a great hunterian himself, has consented to act as hidge and award the prize.
They may be an short as the authors desire, but

must not exceed 200 words in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published. All competitors should address, Hunting Story Contest, THE EVENING WORLD, New York City This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples of Numred

Truthful Jeems, the Deerslayer.

Suddenly we came to a gulley, and in it were herd of deer, sheltered from the storm by a little clump of trees. Bill Marks walked around The to the other side of that gully and gave a signal and we began to fire our repeaters.

Of course the deer fled, but after all was over we went down into the valley and found that no less than thirty deer had failer. This isn't much of a story, but it's true. I send you my name, TRUTHFUL JEEMS. but only print

A Turkey Hunt for a Wife.

When I was a boy I was courting a farmer's daughter in the interior of this State, but as her folks objected to me dur opportunities for meeting were very few. One evening I received a note from her, saying her folks were going to be away next day.

I accordingly went to her house, intending to take her for a drive. I found her in sore dis-trest. Her father had a number of fine fat turkeys which he had engaged to sell in the city for Thanksgiving. The time was only two days off, but that morning, after feeding them, my girl had neglected to fasten the door of the pen where they were cooped, and some fifteen or sixteen had strayed away.

She was crying, and f at once said I would re-

capture the fowls for her. She was so glad. Together we started the hunt. The birds had scattered all over the farm, and some had strayed into a patch of woods near by. The sun had gone down before we had the last

urkey safely housed again. To make matters worse, just as I was preparing to go away the old folks drove up, and in his usual vigorous way the old man went for me with his riding whip, and I got away in a hurry. The adventure resulted in my getting a though, for the girl explained things to her father and he sent for me and said: "Take her boy, she is yours. You have won her in the

M. B.

Killed His Deer at Half-Mile Range.

My hunting experiences have, as a rule, been very tame and uninteresting; but I had one last month, when on my vacation, which I think is worth recording. I had been tramping all day in the woods about Louis Lake and the little sheets of water of that neighborhood in the Adirondacks and had bagged nothing of any consequence. I was just hungering for deer, and just as I emerged from a bit of forest upon the edge of one of those little lakes my eyes fell upon a fine star drinking from the lake, but opposite to me and fully half a mile away.

It was tentalizing, for I am not a half-mile shooter, and, any way, if I shot the noble fellow he would only dart back into the woods to die, and I would never be able to find him. But I was desperate, and raising my rifle I "bimmed" away at him.

The deer gave a bound at the report of my wearon and darted into the woods, while I set on my way around the edge of the lake. I had not travelled more than half a mile when I came upon the dead body of my deer. He had run a third of the distance round the lake towards me before falling. I knew it was my deel from the permitarity of his horn.

An Amateur Shot. sequence. I was just hungering for deer, and

Fighting a Tiger at Short Range.

While I do not expect to win the prize von offer for the best hunting story, I had an experionee in the jungles of India which turned my hair gray and ruiped my perves for life. I was capturing tigers for an American service. and had nearly fulfilled my contract when I heard of an unusually large man-eater that had project on the tubabilants of several small villages in the heart of India for year.

I determined to capture him. Well armed and with a few natives I started on the hunt.

We found out the timer, or, rather, he found

with a lew native: I started on the hunt.
We found out the tiger, or, rather, he found
us. He spraing into a small clearing where we
were resting. For a moment only he stood gazing on us. Hastily carrying my gun to my
shoulder, I took aim and fired. In my excitement I missed him. A moment more and his
great body shot through the air and dashed
against me. against me.

How I did it I do not know, but I got my revolver in position, and tree ing it close to the
animal's belly. I fired as fast as I could, until I

lost conscious east. I found myself under the figer, on the ground. The natives were dragging him off the, but he was dead. I was so clawed and bruised that I had to be carried to the village, a mile away, and did not recover for three months.

I have that tiger skin on my parler carpet now, and never walk upon it without a feeling of delight.

J. A. B.

Brought Bown Two at a Time. Shooting quail a number of years since, I

made the following shot: My dog pointed near the edge of a clump of alders. I went up to him; a single bird flushed about ten feet from him at the end of the clump and flew around the back side of the alders. A few seconds after, the one that the dog was pointing took wing and flew right into the alders.

I let him have it and was on the lookout for the

Results of Random Shooting.

Twenty years ago, as near as my memory recalls the incident, my gun and two noble hunt ing dogs were my companions on a successful two weeks' hunt in the northwestern part of New York State. Being fortunate on the water in the marshes and on the land, I concluded to have one night's experience shooting at random, keeping up an almost constant firing till day-

broak.

The result was it engaged one full day to gather the game that had been scattered in many directions while shooting at random in the night. Should any one doubt these facts let him try the act on Broadway some night and see the result in the morning.

New York, Oct. 10.

X. X. X.—B.

DEATH WATCH ON GIBLIN.

GOV. HILL IS AWAY AND THE NOOSE ONCE MORE IMPENDS.

Charles Giblin, the slaver of Madeline Goelz. once more un ler the care of the watchful deputies from the Sheriff's office. Deputy Sheriff's Lawrence Delmour and James

Carraher we. - : duty this morning, having relieved Deputies Bennett and Galligan at 8 o'clock this morning.
They is turn will be relieved at 4 o'clock this afternoon by Dernties Anderson and Brassel.
Giblin was looking very come ited and cheerful when an Evenion World man chiled.
"Has any word come from Gov. Hill yet?" he impulied, eagerly.

inquired, eagerly.

Not yet, replied the reporter.

Giblin confidently expects either commutation or pardon, and his counsel, William F. Howe, is equally sanguine.

Mr. H. we said he expected to hear from the Governor on Friday or Saturday.

BOUNCING BLAINE IN QUICK TIME. Hundreds Struggling for "The World's" Blocks of Five Puzzle Prize.

The "Blocks of Five" puzzle is a dandy. Thousands of people want to get it down to the briefest possible execution. They have the fun of puzzling over the blocks, the exhibaration of getting Blaine out and Harrison in and the

Wouderful hunting experiences are what you want, I suppose. Well, I had one once, and here it is. I was in the Rockies in the Winter of 777. Went there in quest of health. I had a good rough and ready man with me for a guide. He was a Cherenne man and had spent all his life on the plains and in the diggings.

We started out from Placer one morning loaded for big game. We went up the Vita Pass till we got where there was lots of snow, and then struck out into the wilderness on the mountains. We tramped an hour or two and it becan to snow great guns.

Suddenly we cause to a guiller, and in it were

Re Had Finished.



Mrs. Brown-I told you, Johnnie, if you did nat again I'd send you from the table. The Darling Johnnie-Yes, ms, I know you Mrs. Brown—Then why have you done it? The Darling Johnnie—Because I've finished.

The Why of His Regrets. Tipple-Why that mournful look?

Toppie (gazing ruefully at an empty bottle)-'m sorrowing over departed spirits. A Paradox. [From Muneey's Wackly.] 'I believe your wife's mother is with you

now?" Yes. She's with me, but she's agin me." The Quotations.

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Illa Lant Resort.

(From the Somerville Jouenas, 1 Mrs. Smalltalk (to her physician)—Well, doctor, why in the world don't you look at my tongue, if you want to, instead of writing away like a newspaper editor? How long do you ex-nect I am going to sit here with my mouth wide

open?
Physician—Just ove moment more, please, makism; I only wanted you to keep still long chough so that I could write this prescription.



MORELL'S TEXTRING CORDIAL relieves distress to Cane. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., while teething. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

George P. Mar's, of Baltimore, Found Dead in a Bowery Hotel.

He Had a Lock of Woman's Hair in a Love Letter.

What Was the Mysterious Sore Temptat on that Assailed Him?

A young lodger, who registered as George P. Maris at the Puritan House, 183 Bowery, on Saturday night, was found dead in his room at 12, 30 o'clock this morning.

A half-empty two-onnee, bottle labelled 'Poison," stood at his bed. It bore the stamp of Van der Emde, the druggist at Second street and the Bowery, and contained chloroform, The suicide, for such he was deemed to be at ight, was a handsome young fellow, probably not over twenty years old, and fairly well

dressed. The police searched his pockets and found to number of letters, postmarked Baltimore, and addressed to George P. Maris, 102 East Thirticth treet. They were all from lady frie a evidently dear friends and relatives, and showed that the young man's Southern home and surroundings had been refined and proba-

bly wealthy. The letters spoke of vonner Maris's going North to make a new record for homself. "I am glad you have found a place in the North," wrote one correspondent, who signed herself Mamie. "Keep up courage: all will be

herself Mamie. "Keep up courage: all will be well."
That was the refrain of all the letters. "Bella" vrous from Kensington, 876 Cathedral street:
"Courage, courage, is all you need. You know the future can, and I hope will, redrem the rast. When templation assaults you, pray God to stay your han. All will be well yet, if you will but try hard." Something was said in the letter about some ground rent Maris had cold the writer, and about a sum of money she had loaned him and which she did not wish him to pay back now.

In one of the letters a little lock of golden hair was stitched in. "They sits on the floor while I write," was the message, "and sends lots of her hair, with love, to you."

The love that yearned for the wanderer in her Southern home did not avail to save in the dark hour when courage gave out altegether.
What was his sore temptation has not been learned yet. He came to this city a week ago

Most when courage gave out altogether.

What was his sore temptation has not been learned yet. He came to this city a week ago and went to 102 East Thirtieth street to live with his friend Henry Alford Short, who had a room there, and introduced him to the family from whom he rented it. Mr. Short is a member of the University Piace Club and introduced his Baltimore friend there. Mr. Short could not be found there.

his Baltimore Friend there. Mr. Short condition to consider the count there.

It was learned that young Mares was afflicted with an ulcerated touth—the letters spoke of this trouble—and had used chloroform to deadon the rain. The physician who prescribed it had warned him to be careful in using it. The act that he went to the Bowery lodging-house to die shows conclusively, however, that the poisoning was not an accident.

Friends who live at Park avenue and Fifty-eventh street are spoken of in one of the letters. ters.
The Baltimore directory gives George P.
Marcs with the Merchants and Miners' Trans-portation Company at 214 Water street, home 1023 Cathedral avenue.

[From the thiladelphia Press.] Judge (to prisoner upon whom he is about to pass sentence.-Do you ever think of your

mother, sir ? Prisoner (much affected)-Y-yes, Your Honor, but she's dead.
Judge 'sympathetically)—I did not intend to hurt your feel uge. I hope you will pardon me.
Prisoner (brightening)—Don't you mention it,
Your Honer. I hope you will pardon me.
Judge (catching his drift)—Don't mention it.

An Indication of Peasimism

[From Munery's Weekly.] Cumso-Isn't young Molar, the dentist, pessimist 7 Fangle-Not that I know of. Why ? Cumso-He's always looking down in touth.

SPECIAL SALE Notions and Small Wares! Numerical Eloquence! Prices That Appeal to the Purse!

NEW YORK BUTTON FASTENERS. A Trachable Corset Steel, with 4c. AMERICAN PINS, per 5 oz. papers...

THE DRESS SELTING, per piece.... DINE WHITE COTTON BRAID, per NURSERY PINS, per doz.

PEATHEREDGE BRAID, per piece of

ICK-RACK BRAID, per piece of 18 BLACK ALPACA DRESS BRAID, per Brace of 12 yds.
PANCY SILK BELTING, per piece of 490. FARCY SILK BELLING, per 12 yds, 12 yds, 12 yds, 12 yds, 12 yds, 13 yds, 14 yds, 15 yds, 15 yds, 15 yds, 16 yds, 17 yds

LINGLASH HAIR PINS, per paper. TINEN TAPE MEASURES, of inches QILK GARTER ELASTIC, 1 inch wide, HOSE SUPPORTERS, all sizes, per HAIR PIN CABINETS, containing 100 D assorted hair pins, each DRESS STOCKINET DRESS STOCKINET DRESS SHIELDS, BUIBELLINED DRESS SHIELDS, all sizes, per pair

DEENCH GARTER ELASTIC, per

BROOKS'S SPOOL COTTON, per spool. SIFEL HAT PINS, with jet beads, per MIORTED WAIST STEELS, per

BLACK ALPACA BRAID, per piece.
PRENCH HORN (a substitute for whatchone), sizes 6 to 10 inches, T ONG BRANCH SHOE DRESSING DURE SPERM SEWING MACHINE ENAMELLED DARRING LASTS TUBULAR BONE CASING, piece of PEATHERSTITCH BRAID, piece of COTTON CROCHED BRAID, piece of

ACCUMULATING

Two Well-Known New Yorkers Give

In Interesting Testimony. "There is nothing especially new in what I have to

give. In lead, the experience I have to relate is so much like others that I have read that it seems almost a repetition, but it is none the less very emphatically my

The speaker was Mr. Hogh C. Murphy, the well-known engraver, ST Nassau street. The interview is notable because some time ago his fast-failing health had convinced him and his friends that he must give up

entirely the duties that engaged bim. "You see "Mr. Murphy explained, "I was steadily losing in weight and strength. I had little appetite
Mr sleep was restines. I was unfit for work. I would get up in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed at night. I dreaded the slightest exertion: did not feel like seeing or talking to any one. I wa nervous, irritable and despondent; just managed to

drag myself through my work and that was all." "How did it begin? "Well, I can hardly say-it was a long time ago."



743 Third Ave., New York City.

"Several years ago it must have been, and it seemed would be stopped up. I had a hacking cough. My threat would feel raw and inflamed. There would be a dropping task of mucus when I would lie down and a continual hacking and raising. My ears and eyes were both affected and I seared the worst results to my hearing and sight. There would be continual ringing and buzzing noises in my ears and my eyes would become dim and watery.
"For some time I had realized estarrhal and

only been within the last year or two that I could see that my health was seriously impaired. One or two members of my family had had lung trouble, and I was the more alarmed on that account. "I suffered continually from pains in my head; some-times they were in my forchead, over the eyes, and sometimes in the back of the head. It was difficult for

ronchial troubles and that it was extending, but it has

me to breathe, and sometimes my breathing would be accompanied by a wheezing or whistling noise.

"At mant especially there would be a sense of weight and oppression on my chest, and I'd have choking and coughing spells, so that I would have to set up in bed or walk the floor. What little I did eat did not seem to agree with me; my stomach would seem all the time as if it was overloaded. The sense of taste and smell

semed to be gone. "Pains would take me in the chest and side, running rough to the shoulder blades.
"Did I try to get help? I should think I did. I tried everything and everybody. In spite of it, however, I kept steadily growing weaker and worse. I had read in the papers of the work of Drs. Copeland & Blair. I

went to see them myself. Their charges seemed to me

to be very low and I placed myself under their care."

"With what result?"
"Wel!, I improved steadily from the start. My appotite came back. I got refreshing nights of sleep. The cough passed away. My throat became clear and well, I had no more pains in the cheet. I gained steadily in flesh and strength. I feel strong and well now, quite like a different person from what I was when I went under the treatment of these physicians." Mr. Huch C. Murphy lives, as stated, at 743 Third evenue. He is the proprietor of one of the

sive wood-engraving establishments in New York, the opelocated at 82 Nassau street. The interview above

given can easily be verified.

A CHARACTERISTIC TALK. Being from a Business Man It Is Brief and Clear.

As one of the representatives of the younger business men of New York Mr. A. W. Thornton, of 35 Grovest, is well known, and his words will have corresponding weight. "To begin with." he said. "It was my bead that troubled me. I seemed to be all the time catching cold.
My nose would run and then after a time it would be stopped up, first on one side and then on the other. I began to have headaches. Sometimes there would be a dull pain in my forehead over the eyes and sometimes a pain in the back part of my head. My ears would be filled with ringing, buzzing noises and I thought my hearing was being impaired. My eyes would get dim and fill with water. I tried glasses, but they did not seem to help me much. Sometimes my eyes would be so weak

that I could hardly see to read. I was always bemming and bawking and raising phiegm, especially after my meals.

"As the trouble extended to my throat my voice be came house. Sometimes it would have a strained, unatural sound, and sometimes my throat would be so raw and filled up that I could hardly speak above a

"But the effect upon my voice was not the worst feeture of it. The trouble had extended until it had reached the bronchial tubes. I had raised some blood at differ-ent times but I didn't think it amounted to much. One day I had a hemorrhage that really alarmed me. I went to a physician, who told me that I had a severe bron-chial trouble and that I was in danger of lung trouble. "At this time-I think it was about four or five years from the time I have always supposed my trouble began—my treathing was latored and difficult. I had sharp, shooting pains to my chest, extending through to my shoulder blades. Diszy speils would come over me, and companied by frequent palpitation of the heart.
"I would get up in the morning feeling more thed.

meany good. I lost steadily in flesh. My appetite failed. I had feverish spells followed by a cold, chilly feeling which made me unfit for business "My stomach became more and more deranged as the trouble extended. I would have a feeling of discomfora and nauses there after eating. After breakfast I would and names there are to my stomach. I would sit down to often be quite sick to my stomach. I would sit down to the table with a hearty appetite and could only eat a few mouthfuls. Whatever I would take its my stomach

than when I went to bed. My sleep did not seem to do

seemed to rest like a heavy weight there.

"Some time ago some friends of mine told me of their being successfully treated for catarrhal and bronchia troubles by Drs. Copeland and Blair. At that time I trouples by 1772 Cappaint and Diatr. At the third had grown despendent and had almost given up hope of ever getting well. I went to see these physicians, however, found their charges very reaconable and placed

ever, found their charges very reaconable and placed myself under their care. Although they did not make any glowing promises I felt that they could help me, "And did they?" 'Indeed they did. My bread and throat became clear and well after I had been under their treatment a short time. I gained in weight, had no more homorrhages, no more pains in the cast, no more palpitation of the heart. My friends noticed my improvement and congratulated me incent. I am entirely well now and conducted me under the property of the state of the covery." covery."

Mr. A. W. Thornton is well known in business circles.

He lives 2: No. 35 Grave street, New York Gity, where
this interview may easily be verified.

DOCTORS 92 5th Ave., near 14th St 147 42d St., near Broadway,

NEW YORK CITY, Office hours—0 to 11.30 A. M., 1 to 4 P. M., 7 to P. M. (Sundays included). Specialties—Catarrh and a diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, Chronic Diseases.